

IN A
CONTRALTO OR BASS

DEDICATED TO
MISS J. F. COOK.

IN C
SOPRANO OR TENOR

THE BETTER LAND

Song

The Words by

MRS HEMANS.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR

Madame Antoinette Sterling

BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

—PRICE 60 CENTS—

TORONTO.
THE ANGLO-CANADIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

THE BETTER LAND.

WORDS BY
MRS HEMANS.

MUSIC BY
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Non troppo Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p tranquillo.

p I hear thee speak.... of the

Bet - ter Land,... Thou call'st its child - ren a hap - py band,....

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the Year 1885, by F.G. Howe, on behalf of the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association Limited, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture. (N^o 234.).

cres.

Mother, where... is that radiant shore, Shall we not seek it,

cres.

shall we not seek it, and weep no more?... Is it

cres.

where the flow'r of the orange blows, And the fire-flies dance thro' the

cres.

Lento.

myrtle boughs?..... Not there, not there thy

Lento.

dim. *c* *roll:* *p*

Ped.

Tempo I^o

child.

p tranquillo.

mf

Is it far a way..... in some re-gion old,.... Where the

p

cres:

ri-vers wan- der o'er sands of gold, Where the burning rays.... of the

cres:

ru-by shine, And the diamond lights up, the diamond lights up.... the

cres: ed agitato.

se-cret mine,... And the pearl gleams forth... from the

cres:

E. Sherman

5

co - ral strand... Is it there, sweet mo - ther, that Bet - ter Land, Is it

mf

there, sweet mo - ther, that Bet - ter Land?.....

mf *ped.* *dim.*

..... Not there, not there, my

Lento. *p* *Lento.* *roll:*

Tempo 1º child.

pp *tranquillo.* *roll:*

*Molto Andante.**tranquillamente.*

Eye hath not seen it, my gen- tle boy, Ear hath not heard its deep

songs of joy, Dreams can not pic- ture a world so fair,

Sor- row and death, sor- row and death may not en- ter there;...

Time doth not breathe on its fade- less bloom, on its fade- less bloom,

Far be - yond, . . . beyond the clouds, Far be -

dim.

ff

- yond, . . . beyond the tomb; . . . Far be yond the clouds and be yond the tomb, It is

dim. *cres.*

there, *rit.* it is there, my child, it is there, 'tis

ff *rit.*

ff con tutta la forza.

there!

ff *rit.* *gru.*

ff

